

OUT OF FASHION.



EVERYBODY HAS gone out of town for the season," Mrs. Townsend suddenly remarked at the breakfast table, one morning. "The Drury's left for Lake George yesterday, the Tenants are to spend the summer at Fetokey and even the

Stantons have managed to rig themselves out, and have gone on a jaunt. One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion."

Mr. Townsend thoughtfully helped himself to fried potatoes, and observed that he would have to invest in a summer hat.

"Now see here, John," said Mrs. Townsend, sitting bolt upright in her chair and emphasizing her remarks with a pudgy forefinger, "those Stantons haven't any more of this world's goods than we have, yet off they go, with a great flourish to spend a month at Beechside."

"I don't see where you'd find a pleasanter place than this, in which to pass the summer," Mr. Townsend mildly remonstrated, "besides I'm a little short, just now,—there's that note to meet in July—"

"Of course you can't understand why I want to go—being a man—" said Mrs. Townsend, witheringly, "but I simply can't stand the airs of those Stantons. It need not cost very much—we might go into the country."

"I'll see," said Mr. Townsend, non-committal, as usual.

The month of July went out with a sudden rise of the thermometer, and a general exodus of townspeople took place.

Mrs. Townsend, after a careful perusal of alluring advertisements, settled on "Silver Creek" as the place most likely to meet her expectations.

"Best of table board at moderate rates; fine fishing, boating and bathing; free transportation to and from trains."

Mr. Townsend agreed to "run down" for Sundays, and Mrs. T., with dire misgivings, handed her keys over to the "help" that had promised to keep

murmured Mrs. Townsend, with grim humor. "No danger of drowning there." "Fishin' did you say, Marm? There's plenty o' fish to be got out o' that thar creek in th' spring o' th' year. Wouldn't think it, would yeou?"

"But why should Mr. Tucker advertise fishing when the season is over?" queried Mrs. Townsend. "Oh, that thar advertisement, Marm, was one th' Squire copied out'n an old noospaper. I hear him say as how it read purty well, an' he thought 't'would do."

Mrs. Townsend, tired, hungry and dust-laden as she was, gave vent to hysterical mirth, but managed to restrain herself as with a lusty "Whoa!" the young Jehu brought the turnout to a standstill, before the farm house.

The change from the glaring sunlight to the comparative coolness of the farm house sitting room was most welcome, and the kindly greeting of the Squire and his good wife left nothing to be desired.

But used as she was to a well appointed, modern dwelling the sparsely furnished rooms seemed to Mrs. Townsend uncomfortable and cheerless.

At the tea table Mrs. Townsend was informed that "t'other lady boarder had a headache," and would not be down that evening.

They met at breakfast, however, and when Mrs. Russell—which was the other boarder's name—had showed Mrs. Townsend a brand new crochet stitch, they became fast friends. Even crocheting will pall on one, however, and having neglected to lay in a supply of reading matter, the two ladies yawned the afternoon away.

"You've no doubt heard the expression 'ten miles from a lemon,'" said Mrs. Russell as they sat on the front "stoop" the radiance of the moonlight all about them, the murderous hum of blood-thirsty mosquitoes filling the air. "In my case it is 'ten miles from a soda fountain.' What wouldn't I give for an ice cold draught this minute."

"I wonder why all farm houses have Brussels carpet and hair cloth furniture in the parlor?" queried Mrs. Townsend, irrelevantly.

"And green paper shades," Mrs. Russell supplemented.

"Do you think they'll have salt pork for breakfast again?" Mrs. T. asked, anxiously.

"Sure to. I've been here two weeks,

THE WINNING OF FAME.

One of the Ways in Which a Man May Perpetuate His Memory.

A man may win widespread and long-enduring fame by founding an institution of learning which shall bear his name, says New York Sun. The cry "Cornell" was heard over England last week—it had long been familiar in the United States; and the years have added lustre to the memory of Ezra Cornell, who founded the university at Ithaca, N. Y., which was chartered thirty years ago, and opened for students in 1868, during the Presidency of Andrew Johnson. The name of the Rev. John Harvard of England and Massachusetts has been commemorated for more than two centuries and a half as the founder of Harvard college, now known as Harvard university. The name of Elihu Yale, born in New Haven, Conn., died in England, is embalmed in Yale university, formerly known as Yale college, which enjoyed his benefactions in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. In California there is Stanford university, named after a son of the late Leland Stanford; there is the Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore; there is Vanderbilt university in Tennessee; there is Vassar college near Poughkeepsie called after Matthew Vassar, and there are many other universities or colleges called after their founders or benefactors. The Rev Dr. Marcus Whitman, a pioneer in the farthest west, is commemorated in Whitman college, soon to be university, in the state of Washington. If one cannot found a university or a college, a seminary may serve to perpetuate his name. At East Hampton, in Massachusetts, there is Williston seminary, named after their founders. It may be seen; and there are in the country hundreds of other institutions of the kind named after their founders. It may be inferred from the examples here that the man who desires to perpetuate his memory would do well to establish a university, college, seminary, or other institution of learning, and give it his name.

BEES AT ASCOT.

They Made Things Lively at the Race-Track for a While.

A curious incident occurred at Ascot. While a large number of pleasant luncheon parties were enjoying the delights of an open-air repast in the gardens behind the grand stand a great swarm of bees settled down on the guests around a table in a corner, says London Telegraph. They buzzed and buzzed everywhere. Ladies had bees in their bonnets and gentlemen found their hats turned into striking likenesses of "Catch-em-alive-oh's." Some of the swarm settled on the cold salmon, and other members of it tumbled into the champagne cup. In fact, the bees created the greatest consternation among the ladies and gentlemen in that portion of the grounds. They were gradually drawn off the luncheon party by a gentleman, to whom occurred the happy idea of treating them to a little music on a metal tray under a tree. After the tapping or tinkling on the article had continued for two or three moments the queen bee settled on the branches above to listen to it, and was at once followed by all the swarm. It was an extraordinary sight to see hundreds of the insects hanging like great black and gold clusters on the tree while the tinkling continued. It ceased with the luncheon, and the bees did no more harm. In the earlier part of the performance a lady was pretty severely stung.

Enough to Make a Horse Laugh.

A bloomed bicycle girl caused a runaway in New York Central park the other day. How queer that is. When horses around here see a Boston bicycle girl in bloomers they whinny with delight.—Ex.

CURIOS.

The green ants of Australia make their nests by bending leaves in the form of a cone, and fastening them with a natural glue.

Strange drinks are served in the prohibition town of Pittsfield, Me. A toper there was served, by mistake, with a glass of embalming fluid, and at last accounts he was not sure whether he would die or was destined to enjoy immortal life.

Some one is trying to create trouble in the oyster market, and insure to the oyster a natural death, by quoting from Leviticus, xi, 10, this injunction against eating the succulent bivalve: "And all that have not fins and scales in the seas and in the rivers . . . they shall be an abomination unto you."

Fifty-three men were engaged in Brooklyn at an employment agency to travel to Europe with a rich invalid named Waldeman. They each paid \$5 to the supposed agent. When they called again they learned that the invalid had recovered his health, and was strong enough to run away with \$265 belonging to his dupes.

A funny young man in Milledgeville, Ga., rigged himself up as a ghost, and in the midnight gloom visited the house of a neighbor to frighten him and have a laugh at his expense. The ghost interrupted a burglar at his work, and the burglar turned the laugh against the ghost by fobbing him of his watch and twenty dollars.

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"THEY'RE MAKIN' A NEW HOG PEN T'DAY."

the domestic machinery going until her return.

Not entirely sanguine, yet hopeful, withal, Mrs. Townsend pocketed her baggage check and stepped aboard the train that was to bear her to her destination. After a long journey, with the usual miseries attendant upon a trip with the thermometer at 90 degrees, she found herself "sidetracked in a wheat-field"—to use her own expression—an object of great interest to a tow-headed youth and a raw-boned cart horse.

"Will you tell me how I can get to Mr. Tucker's house?" she ventured to inquire of the former.

"Reckon I kin, if yeou be the Mis' Townsend 'whats coming t' board," he rejoined. This being confirmed, he brought the rawboned nag alongside the platform, shifted the various bags and bundles with which the wagon was heaped to make room for Mrs. Townsend's smart trunk, and cordially invited that lady to "jump aboard."

"Square Tucker couldn't come hisself, 'cause they're makin' a new hog pen t'day," he explained, as he cracked the whip over the nag's lean flanks. The wheels of the lumbering vehicle, turning clumsily in the deep sand of the road, sent up suffocating clouds of dust; the sun beat pitilessly upon their unprotected heads.

"How far is it to Square Tucker's?" inquired Mrs. Townsend.

"Oh, a matter o' six miles," he of the tow-head responded, cheerfully.

Mrs. Townsend's heart fainted within her.

At a turn of the road the wagon rumbled over a rustic bridge, beneath which a shallow stream meandered, scarcely wetting the sun-dried stones. "That thar's Silver Creek," said the boy, pointing with his whip over his shoulder. "T'other bend ain't mor'n half a mile from Squire's."

"Fishing and boating made easy,"

and they've only skipped two mornings."

It was even so; salt pork seemed to be a staple article at Squire Tucker's, and as for berries, fresh vegetables, etc., they were only to be obtained at "the Corners" and were frequently the reverse of fresh.

"Why don't you have a garden?" asked Mrs. Townsend. "I thought all farmers raised small fruits and vegetables."

"Well, I ain't much of a hand to putter with a garden," the Squire made reply. There ain't a farm nigh that yields better crops of grain th'n mine, though," he proudly added.

Mrs. T. thought regretfully of the appetizing salads she was wont to prepare for luncheon.

At the end of the week Mrs. Russell received a summons home, and after tossing sleeplessly through a hot mosquito haunted night, Mrs. Townsend came to the conclusion that there were other things as desirable as "being in fashion."

So the raw-boned nag hauled two trunks to the station in the morning, instead of one.

"There's no place like home," said Mrs. Townsend to Mrs. Russell. "It must be true that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' else people would realize the truth of that saying and find rest and recreation in their own homes. How I shall enjoy a good book and my hammock on the vine-shaded veranda, after my morning work is done. How I shall appreciate a stroll in the park with husband in the cool of the evening, when the band is playing."

"Me too," said Mrs. Russell, enthusiastically, if not grammatically.

There are 32,000 liquor shops in Paris and 425,000 in the departments, one to every 85 inhabitants.